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that he first took off his hat; then searched his vest pocket, and produced something rolled in paper; his lips were moving, as if he spoke to himself. She was afraid to look steadily, for he frequently turned to try if they were observing him. She saw that he tied up the clothes they had given him in his bundle, and that he kept rubbing one of the plates for some time with his finger. Betty never once looked round, but continued repeating her prayers with great vehemence.

At length he called them. "See, there is your friend's blood dropping from the plates; you may depend upon it he'll soon be as well as ever, the cure is granted to me."

They were not long in obeying the summons, and beheld some liquid, like blood, falling drop by drop from the plates, which were placed one over the other.

"Christ christha erin! an' is that my little boy's blood—Lord save 'im!" said Betty.

"Certainly," returned the operator.

"And he's cured now?" exclaimed the wife.

"All as one," replied the man. "I'll see him in the morning, and finish it. Let no one look into these plates till I come to-morrow."

He placed them on the top shelf of a dresser that stood near, put on his hat, and taking up his bundle, was quitting the house, when Betty said, "The Lord reward ye, sir, avourneen, ye'll shurely come the morra mornin; the little boy'll be home then any way."

"You may be sure I won't leave the thing half done," replied the man, as he went from the door.

He was not many minutes gone, when Betty, being reminded by Judy, ran after him exclaiming, "Sir, dear, ye forgot to leave the rags the little girl giv ye—the coat, an' the shawl, and the handkercher."

"I did not forget, (he said,) I'll bring them in the morning, the cure cannot be finished without them—don't fear."

"No, dear; only be shure to bring them; she has nera dacent stitch but the one."

The man did not wait to hear what she said, but hurried on; and she returned to the house assuring Judy the things would be brought back in the morning; however, Judy was not so sure of this matter, but made no comment.

Betty was so firmly persuaded the charm would effect her son's cure, that when he returned from the dispensary, she scarcely permitted him to enter the door, ere she called out to know whether he did not feel himself much better.

"I'm not so long away that I could know whether or no," he replied.

"Any way," she said, "ye're not worse, an'll soon be betther entirely, thanks be to God."

"How do ye know?" returned the son. "Ye're not a witch nor a fortun-teller."

"No, agrah, forerer, I havn't that luck; only I am shure ye'll soon be well, thanks an' praise be to the Lord."

The man began to imagine his mother was either drunk or doting; he looked to his wife; she felt the appeal, and told what had occurred, only omitting what related to the clothes, fearing they had been too credulous. The man set up a loud laugh, when he heard the tale; and Betty, rather indignantly, asked why he laughed.

"A then is id any wondher," he replied. "Shure no one ever heard iv two sich own shaughs, to give a shillin to a common streeler (stroller), that's afther makin a hare (fool) iv ye."

"Ye needn't speak that away," said Betty; "shure didn't he show us yer blood droppin' from betune two plates; an them that cud do that id do more."

"Show ye the devil!" returned her son. "Did ever ye see fwhite blood comin from the cat? An' he'll cum back the morra! O yes, to be shure, fwhat a fool he is! See now the way ye'll pay the shillin ye were so ready to borry."

The women looked rather blank at this speech, but were wise enough to be silent. They were in a feverish state of anxiety all that day, and never did day and night appear of such interminable length. But the longest term must have an end; the next morning dawned, and they were up with the sun; hour after hour flew by; the breakfast was eaten and still no man appeared. Betty's confidence began to waver. "Fwhat'll we do?" she said to her daughter-in-law; "Jemmy id be mad entirely iv he heard iv the shure."

"Nera one iv me knows," replied Judy. "I dread we'll never see a stitch iv them." Then, after a pause, she added, "I'll slip over to Billy; maybe he'll tell me fwhat to do."

"Run, acushla; tell 'm the amplash we are in. O wirra, iv the clothes is gone, Jemmy will kill uz out."

Judy lost no time in consulting her friend; his advice was to follow the charmer without delay, and he offered to accompany her.

They set out, and at a little town, a few miles off, traced him; and following the route they heard he had taken, were fortunate enough to come up with him two miles farther on. Billy at once seized on and carried him before the nearest magistrate, who committed him to the county jail. The clothes were secured, but the shilling had been spent, except two-pence, and the only other article he had on his person was a paper, containing a small quantity of rose-pink, with which he caused the appearance of blood that had deceived the women, as the sediment was found on the plates.

The principal events of the foregoing were, as nearly as I can recollect them, given in evidence before the assistant barrister of the county of ———. When the swindler, or charmer, whichever term may seem most appropriate, was brought to trial he made no defence, and appeared to care very little for the sentence of imprisonment passed on him.

Judy recovered her clothes, much to the satisfaction of Betty, who declared she never would put faith in streelers no more. They were obliged to spin hard for some time to repay the shilling. And, in the end, poor Judy was left a widow, her husband soon after dying of a mortification in the sore leg. W.

PERSEVERANCE.

"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in the Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the Court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, 'that he did so to make it easy for himself,' as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon, and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence—he did accumulate it, and uprightly.—His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit, as a magistrate, on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

INFORMATION AND KNOWLEDGE.

There is a wide and obvious distinction between knowledge and information. A man may be well-informed who possesses but an indifferent stock of knowledge. Information may consist in such a general idea of things, as to enable a man to talk about them, but knowledge comprehends the minutia of every thing within its scope. A well-informed man may be able to take a share in almost every conversation arising in the company in which he is present. Talk of politics—he knows public characters, understands daily changes, is not astray with a new ministry, or at fault with a foreign ambassador. Talk of astronomy—he is aware that the sun is our centre, that the earth has a twofold revolution, that there are a number of other planets revolving in like manner round the sun, and that the fixed stars are in all probability suns, the centres of other systems. Touch upon any topic—he has information upon all, and can talk respectably upon all. But the man of knowledge can lay down the boundaries of kingdoms, track the courses of rivers, lay his finger on the constellations, and has a well-defined meaning attached to his ideas. You may, by plausible ingenuity, deceive and bewilder an informed man—but the man of knowledge is secured in his footing, and cannot be easily overcome.

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